

*The Historie.*

*Prince.* I, and marke thee to iacke.

*Falst.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom that I told thee of.

*Prince.* So, two more alreadie.

*Falst.* Their points being broken.

*Poy* Downe fell their hose.

*Falst.* Began to giue me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot, and hand, and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

*Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two,

*Fal.* But as the diuell would haue it, three misbegotten knaues in Kendall greene came at my backe, and let driue at mee, for it was so darke Hal, that thou couldest not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lies are like their father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horseon obscene greasie tallow-catch,

*Falst.* What art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Pr.* Why, how couldest thou know these men in Kendal greene when it was so darke thou couldest not see thy hand, come tell vs your reason. What sayest thou to this?

*Po.* Come your reason, iacke, your reason.

*Falst.* What, vpon compulsion: Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the worlde, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plentifull as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-prestler, this horse-backe-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

*Fa.* Zbloud you starueling, you elskine, you dried neatstong, you bulspizzle, you stockfish: O for breath to vtter what is like thee, you tailers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tuck.

*Prin.* Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, and when thou hast tired thy selfe in base comparisons heare mee speake but this,

*Po.* Marke iacke.

*Prin.* We two saw you foure set on foure, and bound them and were maisters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale shall put you downe, then did wee two set on you foure, and with a worde,

*of Henry the fourth.*

worde, outfac't you from your prize, & haue it, yea & can shew it you here in the house: and Falstalffe you carried your guts away as nimble, with as quicke dexteritie, & roard for mercy, and stil run and roard, as euer I heard bul-calf. What a slaue art thou to hacke thy sworde as thou hast done? and then say it was in fight. What tricke? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

*Po.* Come, lets heare iacke, what tricke hast thou now?

*Falst.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare you my maisters, was it for me to kill the heire apparant? should I turne vpon the true prince? why thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct, the lion will not touch the true prince, instinct is a great matter. I was now a cowarde on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince: but by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money, Hostesse clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrowe, gallants, lads, boyes, hearts of golde, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What shall wee bee merrie, shall wee haue a play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument shall bee thy running away.

*Falst.* A, no more of that Hal and thou louest me. *Enter hostesse*

*Ho.* O Iesu, my Lord the prince!

*Prin.* How now my lady the hostesse, what faist thou to me?

*Ho.* Marry my Lo. there is a noble man of the court at doore would speake with you: he saies he commes from your father.

*Prin.* Giue him as much as will make him a royall man, and send him backe againe to my mother.

*Fal.* What maner of man is he?

*Host.* An olde man.

*Falst.* What doth grautie out of his bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Preethe do iacke. *Fa.* Faith and ile send him packing.

*Exit.*

*Prin.* Now sirs, birlady you fought faire, so did you Peto, so did you Bardol, you are lions, to you ran away vpon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no sic.

*Bar.* Faith I ran when I saw others runne.

*E*

*Prin.*